Vol. CXLIII. No. 1867.

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The Bystander

Anthony

Margot Fonteyn in "Horoscope"

This study of Margot Fonteyn, the Vic-Wells ballerina, was inspired by the Ashton-Delius-Fedorovich *Horoscope*, one of the seven ballets with which the company have just gone on their first wartime tour. The rest of their repertoire consists of *Sylphides*, *Checkmate*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Les Patineurs*, *Harlequin in the Street*, and *Façade*. Ninette de Valois, the director of the ballet, is not touring with her company, as she is looking after a family of evacuees and acting as secretary to her husband, Dr. Connell. Pictures of the company leaving London are on p. 475

Evacuee in Town

The Charles Sweenys were photographed outside the Ritz on one of those reunion occasions that occur so often now: Mrs. Sweeny, who has evacuated to the country house of an uncle, came up to lunch with her husband in town

Debarred

Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, the Brazilian Ambassador's daughter, was another Ritz luncher last week. She wants to do war work, but is debarred by nationality

Gas-Mask Styles in Piccadilly

More Ritz lunchers photographed in Piccadilly were Colonel Morrison-Bell and Lord and Lady Queensberry. The first does what official suggestion disfavours—carries his gas-mask à la main; Lord Queensberry wears his in proper style over the shoulder; Lady Queensberry (Cathleen Mann) has hers in a handbag-like case

Supplies for Knitting

Mrs. George Troyte-Bullock met the camera in Oxford Street with a vast parcel of wool for knitting blankets. She was Nina Rathbone before marrying Captain George Troyte-Bullock; comes from Dumfriesshire. Her husband, formerly in the Rifle Brigade, is the only son and heir of Captain Edward Troyte-Bullock, of Zeals, Wiltshire

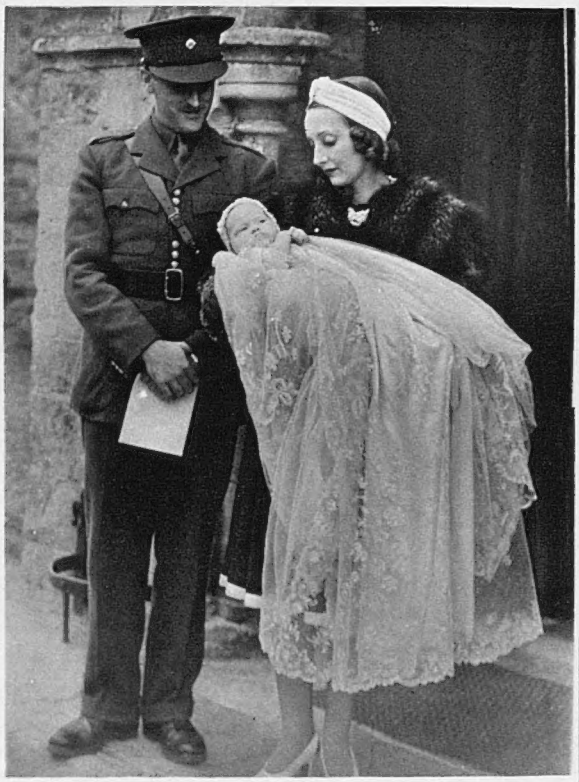
From Needlework to Nightshirts

Lady Smith-Dorrien, Principal of the famous Royal School of Needlework, now supervises the cutting of paper patterns in front of the School's immense tapestries. Under her eye, voluntary helpers now snip and shape the paper forerunners of thousands of bed-jackets, nightshirts, and other surgical and hospital requirements for the Red Cross, who distribute them to hospital supply depots all over England

Social Register: War Edition

Mr. Cullingford and Lady Ratendone

Frederick Cullingford, a twenty-four-year-old company director, and Viscountess Ratendone were married at Chelsea Register Office four days after Viscount Ratendone's decree nisi against her was made absolute. She was Mary Foster before she married Lord Ratendone as his second wife in 1934, is the daughter of actor-cricketer Basil Foster



Mr. and Mrs. Roberts' Daughter

Lucinda Hilary Roberts was christened at Chiddingfold, Surrey. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Roberts; her elder sister, Camilla, is nearly two. Mrs. Roberts was Pat Charles before her 1936 marriage. Her sister, Mrs. Brian Robertson-Williams, the former Hilary Charles, was one of the baby's godparents

S.P.C. Hindlip

Drawing pay as special constables, and with beats in the East End, are two hereditary legislators of the Kingdom, Lord Hindlip, thirty-three, and Lord Waleran, thirty-four. Another peer Special among the first eighty to be appointed is Lord Sandhurst, serving as a sub-inspector in the Whitehall Division

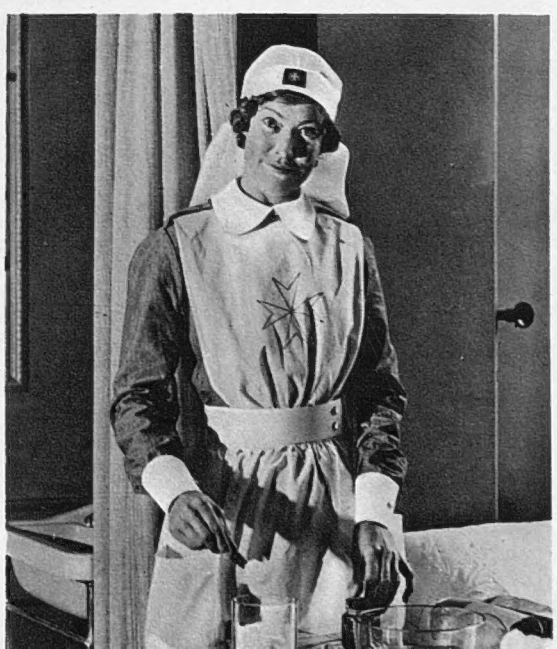
S.P.C. Waleran

Casualty and Hostess for an Ambulance Practice

Mrs. Frank Moss was one of the casualties, Mrs. J. Balfour was "hostess" — owned the flat in which the casualties were found — when the Kensington branch of the London Volunteer Ambulance Service held a recent evening practice. The stretcher-party car arrived seven minutes after the report of raid damage reached the depot, ambulance and "sitting-case" car followed, and twelve minutes later all casualties had been attended to and removed. Mrs. Moss was a multiple-injuries case

Mrs. Audrey Wornum, wife of Dr. Eric Wornum, the specialist, and daughter of Sir Percival and Lady Horton-Smith-Hartley, has enrolled as a St. John Ambulance nurse and is stationed at Milbank Hospital

Nurse Wornum



Au revoir, Warsaw: large crowds, disregarding air-raid danger, cheered before the British Embassy in the Nowy Swiat, Warsaw, when Colonel Beck called on Sir Howard Kennard for the last time, to inform him that the Government would quit the capital. With one day between them, the Ambassador and the Government to which he was accredited fled across the now-blocked Rumanian frontier to neutrality. It was announced that the Polish administration would set up again intact in France

The Passing Hour

War-time Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

NATURALLY, the whole world is thinking and talking nothing else but Russia. What does it all mean? Where is it all leading to? What will be the immediate, and what the ultimate, repercussions?

Extreme pessimists talk about Russian troops and tanks and 'planes sprinting for the Western Front, while Japan attacks Hong Kong, Australia, and perhaps even has a dart at the oil-wells of the Dutch East Indies. Pessimists less extreme consider that Russia will not send military aid to Germany, but will pour inexhaustible supplies of corn and oil into the Reich. And optimists think that Russia will stop short at what used to be called the Curzon Line, and then watch affairs.

THE Curzon Line was drawn by Lord Curzon in 1920, and represents what the British Government of that time considered to be the true frontier between Poland and Soviet Russia. The Poles disagreed with him and, in spite of diplomatic pressure from London, they pushed eastwards after they had defeated the Bolsheviks, and established the frontier where you will find it on the map to-day. There is no doubt whatever that the provinces which they took east of the Curzon Line were not, and never have been, inhabited by Poles. They are almost entirely inhabited by Lithuanians, White Russians, Ukranians and Jews.

THE less extreme pessimists who think that Russia will not send military help to Germany, but will provide supplies, have not fully considered the difficulties which the Russians would have to overcome before corn and oil in any large quantities could get into Germany. In the first place, Polish communications must be pretty completely wrecked by this time, and it will be quite a while before there could be through communication by rail, and in any case there are only three lines which connect Poland with South Russia. And roads are few, bad, and interminably long. As for sea transport, the Baltic will be frozen in a couple of months for the rest of the winter.

IT is, of course, impossible to make any confident predictions in these days, but one significant fact emerged within forty-eight hours of the Soviet attack. The Russians in the north headed straight for Vilna, and in the south went at a great rate along the Rumanian-Polish frontier. This might be interpreted as zeal to join hands with their new Nazi chums, but it might even more reasonably be interpreted as a passionate desire to cut off their new chums from the Baltic States and from Rumania and the Black Sea. The Germans also had been hurrying along the Rumanian frontier, but if, as it appears, the Soviet has already got Kolomea, then they are first to breast the tape. The significance of that also has two interpretations. Either the Soviet is simply taking care to deal itself a nice defensive hand of cards in the game of negotiations which must soon be played with the Germans, or else it may be that she wants to swallow the Baltic and Rumania herself. The Soviet has always had a grievance against Rumania over the matter of Bessarabia, and she may consider this her ideal moment.

THIS would bring a further complication for the British Government. I think that already we might be technically considered bound by our guarantee to Poland to declare war upon Russia. On the other hand, it might be possible to get out of this difficulty by saying that Poland had already ceased to exist when its Government disintegrated. But in the event of a Soviet attack upon Rumania, the matter is very different. Rumania is also under our guarantee, and it is hard to see how we could avoid implementing, or trying to implement, the pledge. On the other hand, to drive Russia still further into the arms of Japan at this moment would be something pretty near insanity.

CLOSELY linked up with the Russian-Rumanian position is the attitude of Turkey. Turkey has for years been pro-Russian and pro-British. Who can say in which direction the dictator-president would jump in the event of a Soviet attack which would inevitably bring the Red troops within a comparatively short distance of Constantinople?

SOME of the rise in price of certain commodities has been blamed by the sellers on the compulsory six per cent. insurance of goods. It is now officially

(*Concluded on page 456*)

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Lord Camrose, Government Official

The announcement at the beginning of last week of Lord Camrose's move to the Ministry of Information as Chief Assistant to the Ministry and Controller of Press Relations was in Fleet Street welcome, if not surprising. After the unfortunate debut of the Ministry's ministrations, Lord Camrose was a stern but constructive critic; in the Lords he pointed out that not only subordinate but key positions at the Ministry should be in control of experts, and at the head should be a man who knew from experience how great newspapers were worked. His own appointment followed in four days. William Ewert Berry, first Baron Camrose, is the eldest surviving son of the Merthyr Tydfil alderman who launched the Berry family into high places. Alderman Berry's first son became Lord Buckland (died 1928), his second Lord Camrose, his third Lord Kemsley; the three brothers have furthered the Berry name to the extent of twenty children. Lord Camrose, head of this family, is proprietor and editor-in-chief of the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*. To throw all energies into this paper, which he acquired from the Levy-Lawson family in 1927, he relinquished in 1937 his editorship of the *Sunday Times* and chairmanship of Allied Newspapers. But he is still chairman of the *Financial Times* and the Amalgamated Press. His contribution to the Berry family is four sons, four daughters

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 454)

stated that the addition of six per cent., or anywhere near it, on to the price of goods is "an unjustifiable form of profiteering." The insurance premium covers the whole year, whereas a six per cent. rise on an article that may be replaced dozens of times during the year means an enormous profit over the actual premium.

THE B.B.C. continues to play its endless gramophone records, and I have no doubt that for technical reasons this is inevitable. But why should we not have some of the famous French tunes instead of the eternal dance-music ? The French marching-songs of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries are magnificent, and there are hundreds of other French tunes much more gay, infinitely more attractive, and just as light as anything that ever came out of Harlem or Buenos Aires.

THE rising of the moon is making the black-out not quite so intolerable when the sky is clear. But, on the other hand, buses are becoming fewer and fewer, and taxis will soon be feeling the rigours of petrol-rationing. Almost the only means of communication left are the darkened undergrounds and the hazards of pedestrianism. It is good news that standard torches are soon to be on the market and are to be allowed. At the present moment, everyone smokes a cigarette in order to avoid collisions. It is a simple device, but a little hard on non-smokers, who must puff the noxious weed or get bumped.

THE horse is coming into its own again, and already there is a big demand for horses for London. It is an ironical comment on our civilisation that the most highly mechanised war in history should be bringing back the transport of our forefathers. Things will come to a pretty pass when garages which used to be stables are converted into stables again. How delighted the ghost of Mr. Weller, Senior, must be.

Leader and Deputy

Major C. R. Attlee is back again in his key place on the Opposition Front Bench. He took over last week, after his long convalescence, from Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who, in a difficult moment for any opposition, had made an excellent impression by his words in the Commons and on the wireless

THE following advertisement which appeared last Sunday week in the Sunday newspapers is a good example of the fighting spirit :

Macmillan & Company, Ltd., in response to numerous enquiries from authors, booksellers and members of the public, wish to state emphatically that they propose to carry on their business at St. Martin's Street, London, W.C.2, until they are either taxed, insured, A.R.P.'d or bombed out of existence.

VERY few people in distress have had a squarer deal from Great Britain, its public and its Press than Colonel Lindbergh. When he was forced to leave his country and come to England, he probably received a greater volume of sympathy, that was all the more profound because it was completely silent, than any human being has ever received. And the fact that he has just broadcast to the American nation a passionate appeal to do nothing whatever to assist the Democracies in their grim struggle, because it might embroil the American Republic, does not alter the fact that he is one of the romantic heroes of our day.

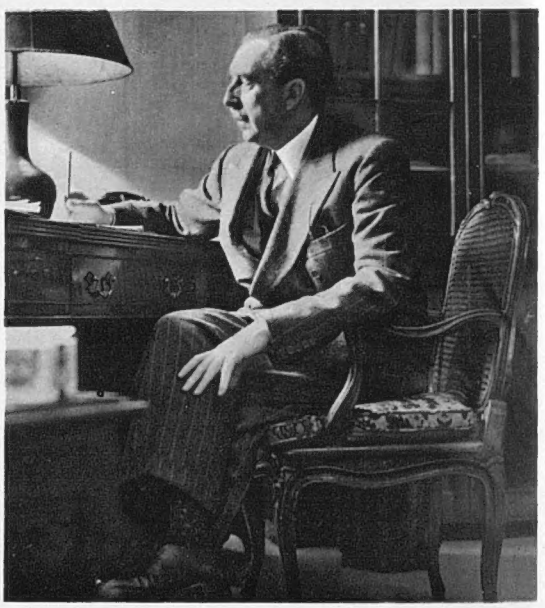
ETHEL M. DELL became a legendary figure at least thirty years before she died. Her name became the cliché for best-selling nonsense. She specialised in three types and made a fortune out of them—the silent, handsome he-man, the attractive rogue, and the woman who was liable to fall in love with both of them.

THE financial career of the late Mr. Charles Schwab was, of course, a "romance," although perhaps the United States Shipbuilding Company might have had another word for it. But that was a domestic affair of America, and no concern of ours. What did concern us in Mr. Schwab's career was that he built submarines and submarine-chasers for Britain during the last war with incredible speed and efficiency, and that he flatly declined to deal with German agents whatsoever price or commission he was offered.

LADY ASTOR has already begun to ask about "No-treating," and to urge that it should be made compulsory, as before. The "no-treating" regulation was altogether admirable, except that it was a regulation. When groups of friends make an arrangement among themselves not to stand each other drinks "for the duration," that is capital. The moment it is dragooned upon us, we get cross. Especially, I 'm afraid, when that vivacious lady from West Virginia is colonel-in-chief of the dragoons.

The New High Commissioner for South Africa

Mr. Sidney Waterson, formerly the Union of South Africa's Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, has taken over the High Commissionership in London. He succeeds Mr. Charles te Water ; Mr. te Water's term, normally up in October, had been renewed for five years when the change in the Union's Government caused him to resign. His successor is here seen at his new desk in South Africa House



The New Dutch Minister

Jonkheer Michiels van Verduynen, seen at the Netherlands' Legation in Portland Square, has succeeded Count van Limburg Stirum in the delicate task of representing the neutral North Sea kingdom here

Personality News Reel

Athletics : Sidney Wooderson

The holder of the world mile record has left his solicitor's office and is now a member of the Auxiliary Fire Service in West Norwood. His brother, Stanley Wooderson, also a fine mile runner, is a fireman too

'Cellist Thelma Reiss was in Germany just before war broke out, ready to start her fourth concert tour there, and then go on to Roumania to broadcast for the first time from Bucharest. Now she is back at her home at Plymouth with all her musical engagements cancelled. But she has a new wartime contract with the B.B.C. to broadcast twice in October

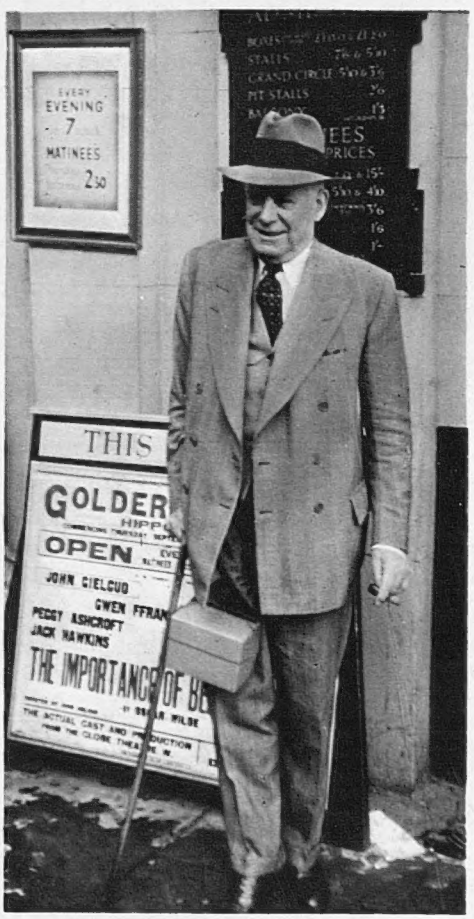
Music : Thelma Reiss

Political : the David Douglas-Hamiltons

Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton went to the House of Commons last Wednesday to hear Mr. Chamberlain's third weekly review of the war. The former Prunella Stack, head of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, may be going to work on the Home Publicity side of the Ministry of Information

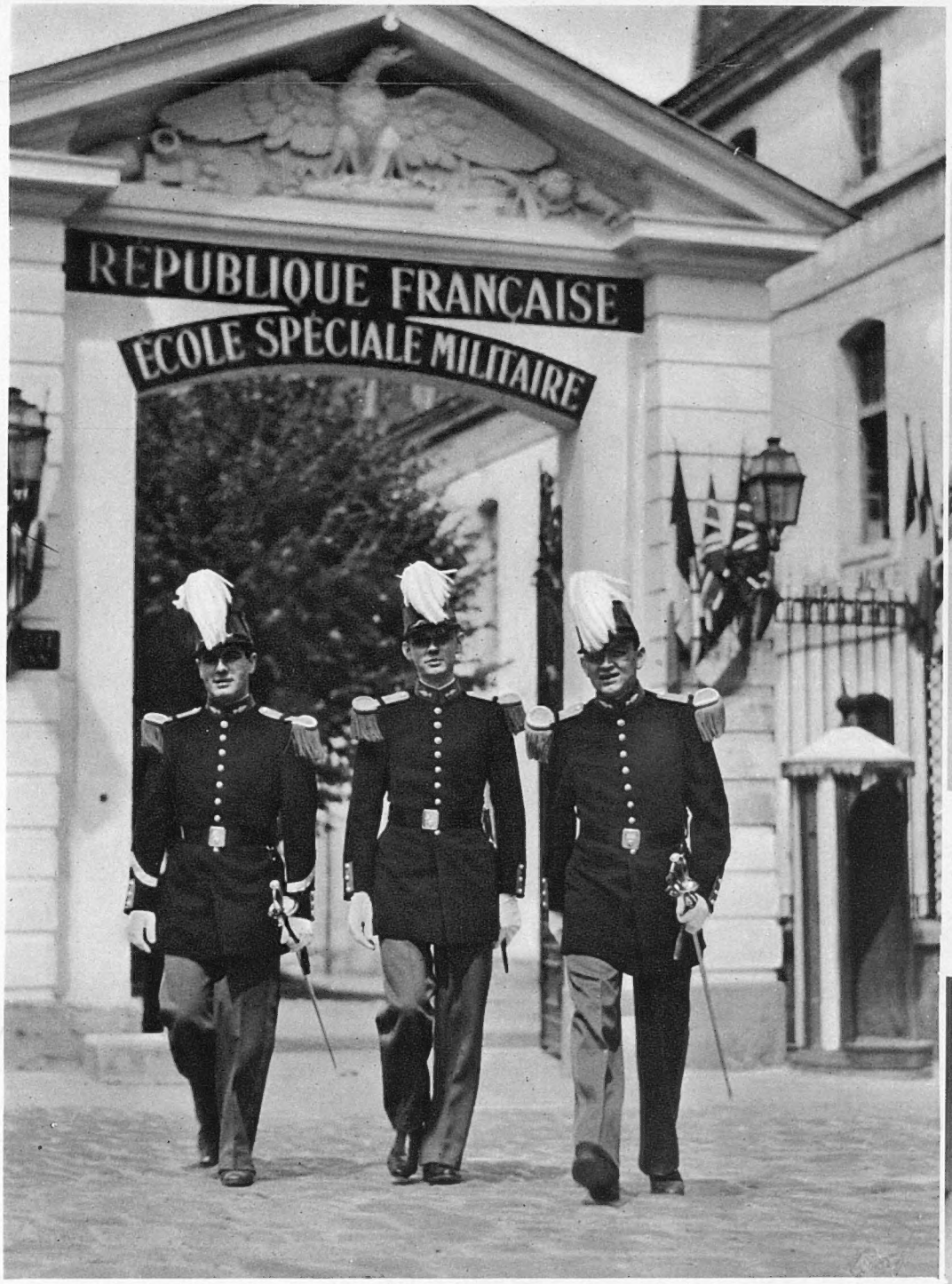
A.R.P. : Major-Gen. Charles Simpson

Major-General Simpson is a Westminster Air Warden. This veteran soldier of eighty-two, who has vivid memories of the Franco-Prussian war, went into the 10th Foot in 1875, fought with distinction with the Sudan Expedition of 1898, was C.-in-C., Mauritius, when the last war began



Stage : Charles B. Cochran

C. B. Cochran, cheerful though rather lame from rheumatism, went to Golders Green to see "The Importance of Being Earnest" (now in the Provinces). Mr. Cochran was one of the first to support theatrical reopening, and to announce his own determination to go ahead with his projected revue, with wartime adaptation



Les Trois: *Roland Toutain, Jean Chevrier, Jean Mercanton*

The fighting interest *in the film comes when the cadets, now passed out of St. Cyr and into the French Army, get into exciting adventures à la Beau Geste in the Syrian Desert. Here, Jean Mercanton in a hot spot*

The love interest *in "Trois de St. Cyr" is supplied by Hélène Perdière, seen in the traditional jodhpurs of the colonial heroine*

"Trois de St. Cyr"

France's Sandhurst, the famous École Militaire de St. Cyr, is the topical setting for the film now being shown at the Paris Cinema. This film, which had a great success in France, takes three of the St. Cyriens and traces their histories through the Academy and out into the Syrian Desert with the French Army. The military authorities of the Republic gave full co-operation in the home and empire sequences, and in the latter there are some remarkable location and fighting scenes. J. P. Paulin directed, and Pierre Dupont, chef de la Musique de la Garde Republicaine, was in charge of the very fine musical accompaniment, which includes the famous song of St. Cyr

Films of the Day

Lamarr Still at a Loss

By George Campbell

POSSIBLY you never saw *Extase*. This was the Czech study in passion—a wag wanted me to head my review "Czech Mating"—which was suppressed by the British Board of Film Censors, only to pop up at a West End cinema by permission of the L.C.C. The stills in the foyer, featuring the heroine in a state of complete nudity, were the subject of some attention by males with an eye for art, as a policeman hinted to a friend of mine who called at the theatre on business. "Mustn't park your car here, sir," said the policeman, ominously fingering his note-book. "But I was only inside two minutes," observed my friend defensively. To which the policeman—a man of candour and insight, who should go far—retorted: "Garn, it takes me three minutes to get by on my beat."

No franker exposition of profane love than *Extase*, complete with Freudian symbols, has ever appeared on the screen; not, anyway, outside those small and select houses of entertainment to which kindly gentlemen in Paris and Marseilles offer to conduct you for a consideration, after failing with a special line of stills. The principal role was played by the wife of a Czech munitions magnate, Herr Mandel, who seems to have viewed her charms on the screen with some disapproval: at all events, he is said to have spent £60,000 in buying up and destroying all the prints of the film he could lay his hands on. At least one, however, crossed the Atlantic; and a Hollywood contract followed. They changed the girl's original name, which was Czech for Oomph, to Hedy Lamarr, and here she is in her second Hollywood picture, *Lady of the Tropics*, which is not nearly as good as *Algiers*, which itself was second-rate.

"LADY OF THE TROPICS" is the old one about the white man and the coloured girl, with Robert Taylor as the smiling lieutenant and Miss Lamarr as the Butterfly of the piece, with more than a touch of Manon. Manon (for so the heroine is called, with frank acknowledgements to the Abbé Prévost) is a native of French Indo-China, engaged to a Prince with an odd fancy to celebrate the nuptials with a dance in the ruins of Angkor-Vat. (Could this be because they came on some nice stock shots of the ruins in the studio "library"?) Just when she is about to be married, who do you think turns up? Right. Nobody but the dashing American, offering benefit of clergy and other inducements which sweep the fluttering damsel off her feet.

Enter the villain. Not the thwarted Prince—he seems to have taken his disappointment like a gentleman. The snake in the grass is, I regret to say, one of our gallant Allies, a M. Delaroch. Played by Joseph Schildkraut, with a semi-oriental slant to the eyes, and a curious, monotonous accent, M. Delaroch is rich, polished, and greatly enamoured of Manon; and the scoundrel sticks at nothing. Poor Manon can never get her passport. Months go by, and she has to sell all her Paris frocks before the hotel beats her to it. (How, I wonder, did they get this bit of unpunished swindling past the Hays boys?) And at last, as you 've been expecting, the young American begins to go to pieces under the strain of poverty and idleness, and poor Manon has to use her influence with Delaroch to procure him a job up-river, while she stays behind and goes on using her influence. Naturally, she is found out, and her ever-loving husband takes on rather badly. I won't reveal the end. It is enough that everybody gets what 's coming to him.

Except me. I felt I was badly treated. But what can you expect these days when you 're just a suppressed minority of one? What did it matter that the story by Ben Hecht—by Ben Hecht, mind you, the fellow who gave us *Nothing Sacred*, and half *The Front Page* and *The Scoundrel*—creaked at every joint, and had a deal of poorish dialogue? All around me young women were crooning enviously over Miss Lamarr's charms, and strong men were weak. I heard one, old enough to have served in the Boer War—anyway, old enough to know better—self-consciously admitting that the story was a bit cheesy, old boy, but there was something about the girl that rather took the fancy. I shouldn't wonder.

THE other two West End pre-releases are both exposés of Nazi Germany: one a work of imagination and art; the other an American quickie designed to pick up a bit of coin while the going is good. The first is *Professor Mamlock*, the Russian drama of the beginning of the Nazi pogrom. Charged with passion though the film is, it never descends to mere raving melodrama: the intensity grows, horror mounts on horror's head, until you reach the logical conclusion, and science and culture and justice lie dead with the murdered Jewish doctor.

"I WAS A CAPTIVE OF NAZI GERMANY" is the story—apparently substantially true—of an American girl journalist in Berlin who was accused of spying on the flimsiest of evidence. The construction and the direction are as poor as the acting, and the film's only interest is documentary, as evidence (if evidence were needed) of the mentality and methods of the Nazi régime.

Patricia Morison

This young English star is in one of the general releases for this week, Paramount's "I 'm From Missouri," with Bob Burns and Gladys George. She made a brilliant film debut, greatly impressing the critics, in "Persons in Hiding," shown in March. Her mother, Mrs. Selena Carson Morison, who used to be in the British Intelligence Service, announced a fortnight ago that she was leaving Hollywood for England to take up the work she did in the last war

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALTHOUGH the real stuff hasn't yet begun, there 's plenty of evidence that Great Britain is at war. The London Scottish have been photographed grimly on the march (about eight weeks earlier than last time), our sweetheart Frances Day has been actually photographed from the back, in the act of singing to H.M. troops, ex-combatant *farceurs* are already awarding white feathers to thumping big tweedy women—did you incidentally see the Press photograph of that exquisite West End mannequin in divinely-fitting war kit, leaning languorously against a dugout? The darling!—the imbecile black-out conditions are already maddening a patient citizenry, the *Daily Express* is quoting a daily text of Holy Scripture, Slogger A. G. Macdonell has been seen in a well-known Fleet Street rendezvous of the wits with his coat half off, the booksy boys are swarming in the Ministry of Information (which has already achieved its first big news-muddle), Bond Street is thinking up dainty gas-mask ideas, an Army Corps of blonde typists is preparing for the National Register, six prelates of the Establishment have written in their diocesan magazines saying we must above all keep calm, there is profiteering in sandbags, mattress-fibre, torches, and gas-mask covers, Mr. Noel Coward has called at the Foreign Office, and Slogger Bairnsfather is knocking 'em even colder than before, God bless him.

But this time there are no songs; for although one or two American dirges are reported to be favourites with our troops in France, they have no national anthem status, like "Tipperary." Nor, when the theatres open, is there any need this time of little actresses, British or foreign, singing wildly that they don't want to lose us but they think we ought to go, for our King and our country both need us so. (And there was a far more noxious one called "So You Want to Be a Soldier, Little Man.") In our view this songless national mood is about just right. We can start the singing a little later, maybe.

Fifi

IN one of Maupassant's stories there is a young perfumed and corseted brute of a German lieutenant of noble birth nicknamed "Mademoiselle Fifi," whose favourite after-dinner pastime is maiming, defiling, and destroying works of art in the French château in which he is quartered during the 1870 war; his method being, for example, to fill a priceless teapot of *famille rose* with gunpowder, attach a long fuse, and explode it in the adjacent drawing-room amid shrieks of mirth. This playfulness happened to France equally in the last Great War, and now it is the turn of the Polish châteaux to endure it. Probably at this very moment some Mademoiselle Fifi is enjoying himself in a similar manner in the palace of the Potocki family, near Cracow; a great house with magnificent parks and more than a hundred rooms. It escaped unscathed in 1914-1918 because there happened to be Potockis in the Austrian and the Russian armies alike. With the Nazis in sole occupation its number is doubtless up, the German attitude towards enemy works of art being well known, invariable, and probably pathological. Freud may have an explanation for this peculiar savagery wreaked perpetually on things of beauty—an exclusively Hunnish or Bochesque obsession, for armies of the Latin culture, which includes the Austrians, have never behaved in this Yahoo way. There is, indeed, a classic story about some ancient Roman general bidding his men be extremely careful while carrying off some Greek statues from a looted villa, and warning them that if they damage anything they 'll have to replace it. Whenever you hear of Germany's contribution to Art, Letters, Music, and civilisation generally, remember Mademoiselle Fifi, who recurs regularly in German history from its earliest beginnings to the present day.

Damning such hoggishness with proper vehemence, we keep getting wicked thoughts about the Tate Gallery, the entire contents of which are packed away for safety. We get a horrible feeling that if the Government were to offer the Nazis a few selections of Victorian Art from that temple to do what they like with, they might lay off ravaging the treasures of Poland for a space. Or at least it might distract them, maybe, till they are driven out. Think what fun a Fifi could have with Watts's "Hope" (lady perched on globe, playing damaged harp), but for Heaven's sake keep it under your hat.

Voice

NO Houston Stewart Chamberlain has yet bobbed up in Germany to glorify the enemy and vilify his native land, but the Nazis seem to have an alleged Old Etonian broadcasting from one of their stations at least: a sahib of the fruitiest kind, appealing to one's jolly old sense of decency and so forth in the finest patrician drawl. As Sir John Anderson remarked in the House, rather needlessly, chaps who do this are laying themselves open to the gravest charge—treason, one would deduce. What the modern punishment for treason is we couldn't say. The traditional one, suffered by so many innocent and saintly men under the Tudors and their successors, was so hideously brutal that the toughest hangman sometimes jibbed at the—so to speak—more spectacular parts of the ceremony. Perhaps British performers on the enemy radio would get nothing worse nowadays, if caught, than a long penal sentence, and even then would feel hurt about it. There 's admittedly a certain type of Englishman who, consciously or unconsciously, feels a spiritual kinship with the Prussian, having the same outlook, tastes,

"The great leveller"

and prejudices, including an inborn loathing of the Latins and their civilisation; which civilisation is also ours. Hence the Nazi's late and present English friends and admirers, not to speak of a certain blonde sweetheart who was peacocking round Berlin till lately, bathed in the sunshine of the Fuehrer's smile.

Significantly enough, this war is, so far, free from those explosions of mass-hatred which marked the last. Barring the stereotyped blasts from Goebbels' boys, which are nothing new, the German people is no more working itself into a fury than we are, or the French either. The deduction is obvious, and we wouldn't be surprised if this alleged Old Etonian were some day to discover that the first boot impinging on his well-creased pants is not a British one.

Hayseed

It 's hardly possible at the moment to keep one's mind off the long, straight, poplar-fringed French roads, over which a new armed British generation is now marching, though, luckier than ours, it hasn't to do so much staggering along the pavé, with a ton load of equipment, on its poor flat feet. It would be pleasant now to look up one or two of the village estaminets where one was overcharged in 1915, and to see Madame and Marie-Rose and little wet-nosed Henriette bustling round with the eggs-and-chips, while Grand'mère (who served us twenty-five years ago) sits champing her aged gums in the chimney corner, her ancient eyes still watchful and bright with avarice. Chaps grumbled a great deal at the peasantry of Northern France. Actually they were no more on the make than the peasantry of almost any other country would have been, and the same complaints would be heard from the troops in Cornwall or Fiji. Practically all the world over horny peasant hands are crooked for gain and cunning peasant eyes are fixed on the small change. The only exceptions, so far as we know, are the peasants of Southern Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, who have the proud native courtesy of the Celt and to whom an offer of money in exchange for some service is an insult; though it may be that a war at their doors might corrupt even these in time. Bear in mind also that the peasant behind the French lines in the last war was generally only getting a bit of his own back from light-footed scroungers of at least two armies, always on the lookout for stacked firewood or fruit or eggs or (if possible) fowls, or anything else desirable and handy. "Système D," as the French troops called it, was pretty well recognised and accepted by everybody concerned. Unwise peasants created hell with the Interpreter and the Colonel, wise ones took it out on the troops, and "C'est la guerre," and a shrug, covered most things.

It 's an odd feeling, up to now, watching this war from behind, with memory still keen and the ghosts of a few well-remembered stenches rising to the nostrils.

Kick

Human nature being what it is (and what it is!), the Ministry of Health is right in proposing smoothly that the problems raised already by certain evacuees may have to be met by rebilletting them in empty houses. Everybody realises that the transplanting of many thousands of town-dwellers into country households, though 80 per cent. successful, could not possibly be roses-and-honey for everybody, as the Press boys too lyrically conveyed. One type of evacuated citizen regards herself as an honoured guest and raises hell when her lightest wish is disregarded. Another type may be notably careless of personal hygiene. Yet another, and more common, type is bored in twenty-four hours with the country, and her discontent envelops everything like a miasma. In one village we 've heard of, an astonished clergyman with small means and a sizeable family found three large females of Oriental appearance and accent at his table, loudly criticising the frugal fare and proposing to return to London as soon as possible. In an adjacent village the policeman found a resident harpy setting out at night in a rage to find the billetting authority, dragging with her the two unfortunate children who had been placed in her charge and swearing she 'd have no more of it. Such cases are not typical, but boredom certainly is. One whacking air-raid over London will cure a great deal of it.

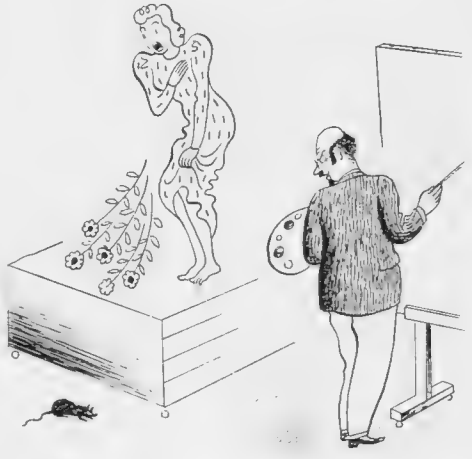
Two or three generations ago the problem raised by these types would have been infinitely easier to solve, for it is only of late years that a populace pampered by films and broadcasting expects to be kept constantly amused and entertained. "As if," remarks Léon Daudet, "one is put on this earth for amusement!" It may be that we shall see a great change in urban life when this war 's over. Instead of going to the films, citizens may be potting at each other happily with rook-rifles, in the fragrant old rustic way. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world; which, as a dear old lady once observed to us, is one's principal grievance against it.

Break

One native racket which has taken a temporary boff on the snozzle is the literary one. Apart from the abandonment of the P.E.N. Club's 1939 international jamboree at Stockholm, to which the world's most garrulous booksy boys and girls were looking forward like ravening tigers before the kill, it seems likely that the weekly spate of new literature which has been rushing over us so long like a Niagara may dwindle to a trickle, for the time being; although we observed the other day that the Times Book Club was suggesting coyly that these long dark nights are just the time to curl up with a good book. If so, this is also just the time for going through your library and unloading a few recent booksy masterpieces on the troops, who get a lot of fresh air and will devour practically anything, as we know.

The damming of the booksy flood may turn out to be a greater boon to the citizenry than compulsory growing of ferocious whiskers by literary critics which Gaffer P. G. Wodehouse was warmly but vainly advocating a little time ago. Nervous women, he said, would stop writing altogether. "And what a break that would be for the reading public." The Gaffer is always right. A break is a break, however it comes.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Air Raiding With Max

Some Types You Meet in a Shelter

By a Veteran of Three Warnings

I had shaved half my face

THE first warning came at an extremely inconvenient hour, when I had shaved half my face with a blunt blade, while keeping one eye on the bath. In the circumstances you will not, I am sure, expect one of my longer and more graphic dispatches. The only possible course was to lie in the bath and meditate sombrely on the consequences of war. The Riviera holiday that was to have begun next week, the golf at Mont Agel—it looks as if all this will have to wait a bit. And by that time I 'll be off my drive again, and broke. Hang it, as Eric said. (" To such depths of blasphemy had the unfortunate boy descended.")

THE second warning woke me at 3 a.m., just when I was in the middle of my first decent sleep for a week. Max, a Russian friend, was staying with me; and Max, like all Russian princes, is charming but unpredictable.

Max assumed a fighting attitude

Incidentally, he sleeps like a log. I switched on the light, shook him and turned him over, and he leapt to his feet shouting " By God, no ! " and assumed a fighting attitude.

" It 's all right, Max." I tried to sound soothing. " It 's only me."

" How do I know ? . . . *How do I know ?* " roared Max, thrusting his face into mine. What he saw reassured him. A charming, slightly sheepish smile lit up his face. " Oh, it 's really you. I had such a funny dream. I thought I was in the Carpathians, and they were attacking."

" So they are. It 's an air raid."

" Don't be funny—don't be funny ! " Max has a trick of repeating his sentences. But he realised I was never less amused, and stood listening to the siren, wearing (as is his habit) a pyjama-top but no trousers. " Oh, that noise ! Horrible ! Like a howling dog ! Why do they have such a horrible noise—why ? "

" What the hell do you want ? " I was getting impatient. " The ' Volga Boat Song ' ? "

" *That* terrible song ? " Max was hurt at the reflection on his taste. " I hate it. Surely you do not think I like the ' Volga Boat Song ' ? "

I didn't give a god-damn whether he liked it or not. I just wanted him to get his trousers on. I pointed out that if a bomb dropped within a quarter of a mile, every flat in the mews would probably collapse; but that made no impression. I said if a bomb did blow the side off the house, he 'd look a frightful ass without his trousers. Max saw the force of this. He put his trousers on and was fumbling with his shoes when he looked up with the first real sign of interest.

" This shelter—there will be women there ? "

" I suppose so."

" Young women ? Pretty women ? In their night clothes ? "

" I shouldn't be surprised."

" Let 's go." And with the smile of a boy going fishing, Max walked with me across the Square to a big shop's basement; rather late, after all the argument, for complete safety; and very slowly, for Max picked up asthma when he slept on the wet Carpathian ground for three successive nights in 1916—the happiest time of his life, he once confided joyously.

Down below, in a shelter for a thousand, Max looked eagerly for the fugitive houris needing manly encouragement and a strong right arm. And what did we see, what did we see ? (Heavens, the trick is catching !) Ten men, all looking glumly ahead and no doubt feeling, as I certainly felt, extremely silly; and as many women, from thirty to sixty years old, muffled in woollens, reading books or carrying on a whispered conversation as if in church.

Ten men, all looking glumly ahead

Max's face was sorrowful and eloquent of frustration, like Uncle Vanya's when he shot at his rival and missed. He uttered the melancholy thought that was in his mind.

" You said they 'd be young and beautiful, not old trout like these," said Max. " No, no, *not* old trout like these ! "

THE third and last raid to date, at 7 a.m., found me in a hotel basement, and this time Max, if he 'd been there, would have enjoyed himself. Most of the women were young, quite half of them were pretty, and at least one had found it necessary to fly for safety in a chiffon nightdress that revealed her haste or something. The older women took a bad view of her. The younger men took a good look.

The biggest snob I ever heard, when asked how he enjoyed the last war, said : " The life 's uncultured—*and the people you meet !* "

As many women, muffled in woollens

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"There is no further news. We will now play you a record entitled 'London Bridge is Falling Down'"

"The Story of Old Bill, 1914-1918"

No. 1

By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

In order to give a terse yet comprehensive account of the birth and life-story of Old Bill, I have first of all briefly to explain how my first Great War series of drawings, entitled "Fragments from France," came into being. It was in the sketches appearing in the Bystander of those days that Old Bill first materialised, became increasingly popular, then finally famous throughout the world.

Let me say right away, that I claim little personal credit for Old Bill's birth, for, to be truthful, he created himself. Anything I had to do with it was done instinctively, and without a definite project in view, for it is impossible to decide on creating a famous character, and then sit down and proceed to do so.

From the following account of how the whole thing came about, you will get a glimpse at the evolution of Old Bill, for "evolution" is the right word.

I happened to be one of those who found themselves in France at the beginning of November 1914, and thus had the first winter of the war staring me in the face. Mons and the Marne were recently over, and the vast, but so far mobile armies were beginning to settle themselves down into those muddy, waterlogged slots in the ground which were to be their homes for so long.

I joined my battalion, the 1st Royal Warwicks, in the trenches before "Plugstreet" Wood, a dank, damp and dismal area, about half-way between Armentières and Ypres. The trenches which we occupied had been only recently constructed, but, even when I first saw them, had the appearance of having been occupied for ten years without repair. Compared to the swanky, sandbagged affairs that came later, these were but poor muddy ditches straggling about across flat, shell-pitted fields, apparently so arranged as to let all the surrounding surface water from the fields drain into them. To reach these humid slots, one sloshed across sodden turnip-fields at dusk or in the dark, and slithered down into the muddy depths when you got there.

Month after month we held this part of the line, sharing the monotonous job with the Dublin Fusiliers, who relieved us every fifth night.

It was here that my "Fragments from France" began, a series of drawings that mainly owe their origin to the inspiration derived from utter boredom, and grim resignation.

Most of our military work had to be done at night, for it was difficult to move around those trenches in the daytime without being seen by the opposition, and possibly punctured.

Thus it naturally came about that there was much time on our hands during the day, and it was this fact that prompted me to indulge in copious scribbles in my dugout. Sitting in this sub-turnip-field cavity, wearing mud-caked greatcoat, water-saturated boots, and balaclava helmet, I would put down pictorial notes illustrative of the invincible, yet ironic humour that seemed to possess all the sodden soldiers about me. The ideas were of such a local nature that it never once occurred to me that they might interest or amuse those outside our trench world who could not be familiar with our peculiar form of life, or fully understand our daily and nightly troubles.

I would make sketches on any stray pieces of paper I could find, leaves from note-books, bottoms or lids of cardboard boxes, and so on. I began increasingly to get requests for these scribbles, which seemed to be giving the soldiers considerable amusement.

"Where Did That One Go?"

This was the first sketch by Captain Bairnsfather reproduced in the "Bystander," March 31, 1915. In it "Old Bill" makes his first tentative, anonymous appearance on the left

Then to my dugout one day came a lieutenant who had recently arrived at the front. He saw some of my sketches, and asked me why I did not send them to some paper or magazine. I explained that I had never thought of the drawings from that angle, but now that he had put the idea in my head, would follow up his suggestion.

In due course, a rolled-up drawing left France for England, addressed to the Bystander, and, having got thus far, I forgot all about the matter.

Some little time later, whilst wallowing in the trenches at the base of the Messines Ridge, I was astounded to receive a letter from the magazine saying that my drawing had been accepted. The title of this sketch was "Where Did That One Go?", a phrase which one is very apt to utter when promiscuous shells are exploding in your neighbourhood.

Old Bill does not definitely appear in this drawing, though there are indications amongst the figures depicted of his forthcoming advent.

At this time I was somehow drawing all my sketches in an almost subconscious manner. I unwittingly sensed the need of an "Old Bill" as my strongest means of expression. This was due to the fact that there were in the trenches so many "near" "Old Bills," both in mind and face.

It seemed impossible for me to express the nature of the war life of the soldiers without such a character, and bit by bit I found that by developing this as yet vague individual I was getting nearer to depicting the real soul of the British Old Soldier, a marvellous person, with his unconscious humour prevailing under the worst possible conditions, a quality which not only exists in war, but is ever present in the British make-up.

All over the world I have been asked countless times the question, "What made you think of Old Bill?" I have always been unable to answer offhand, for the above is the somewhat lengthy explanation. Old Bill is a product of evolution, and once started, he kept on evolving. He more and more solidified into one definite character. Soldiers who looked anything like my delineation of him began to be called "Old Bill" by their friends. And ever since the first Great War I have kept on coming across men in civil life who are locally and familiarly known as "Old Bill."

He seems to be universally accepted as a symbol of Britain, for as far as from here to Japan I have been asked to draw countless sketches of him, whilst letters have come to me, and keep coming to me, in fearsome numbers, with similar requests.

Thus did Old Bill come into being, and in my next article I will endeavour to recount some of his many and bizarre adventures, and the story of "The Better 'Ole."

Hollywood Photographs Ltd.

"The man who made the world laugh in its darkest hour."
—(Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton)

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

The creator of "Old Bill" working (somewhere in England) on a new drawing for the "Bystander." His story of "Old Bill" begins on the opposite page

The triangle *in "Design for Living" (see above, right) posed for some amicable sand-bagging pictures. "Fye!" said the lorry*

"Design for Living," *Noel Coward's brittle play about a new-style triangle which London saw acted for the first time in February of this year (though it was written in 1932), continued its tour at Blackpool with the London cast—Rex Harrison, Diana Wynyard, and Anton Walbrook as the triangle, Alan Webb as the proper foil for their free-thinking. Here they are, plus gas-masks and Harold French, their producer (head in hand), at a pre-departure rehearsal in London. They were due at Golders Green after "Earnest" (see opposite page)*

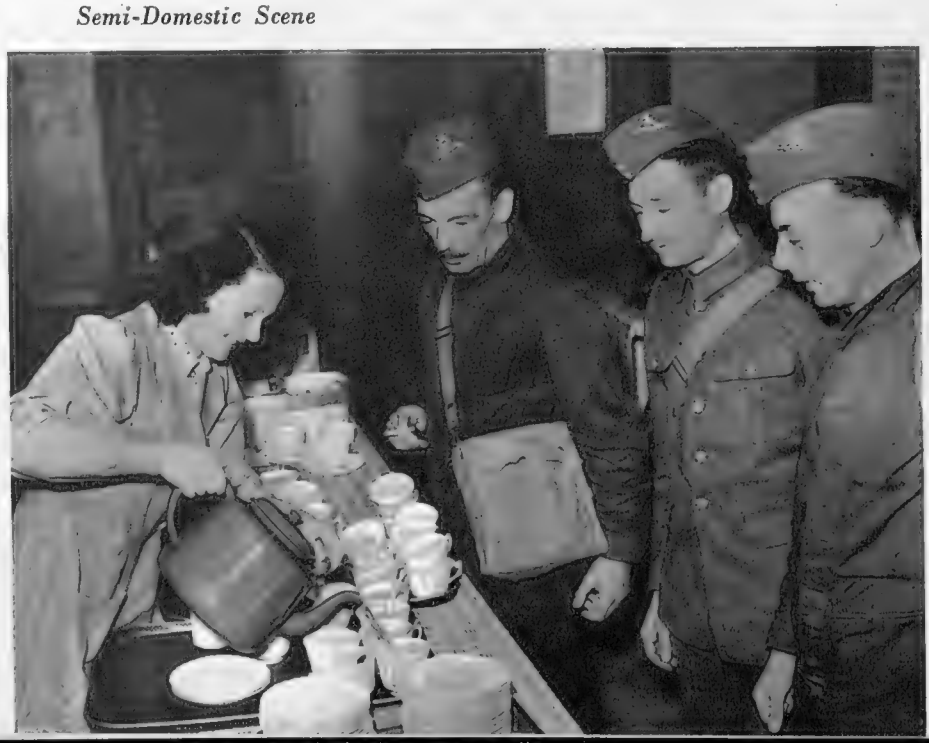
The Transport Problem

The Stag

Entertainment fo

"The Crazy Gang" *u due to start last week th new Palladium show, "T Little Dog Laughed," a while awaiting the postpon opening date, they sat petrol by overloading baby: the passengers on left are producer Cliff Whiteley (rumble seat), Bi Carryll, Jimmy Nervo; driver is Teddy Kn*

Semi-Domestic Scene



Canteen work *has been an excellent solution for many women of the problem of doing one's bit, for without training they can step right in to pour, slice and spread. Such simple service even appealed to Elizabeth Allan, pending her chance to use her higher talents; on the right she pours out unimpeachably*

Revudeville Reope

"The Gods" Closed Up

***The first theatre** to reopen with a West End show was Golders Green Hippodrome, with "The Importance of Being Earnest" from the Globe. But the seats directly under the roof were reserved for possible incendiary bombs*

Carries On

heard once again the glad sounds of box-office telephones ringing last week

***The first West End show** to reopen after the closure was the irrepressible non-stop Revudeville at Vivian Van Damm's intimate little Windmill Theatre. Some hard work, or forethought, had produced a highly topical show, and the well-known troupe of girls were seen by their admirers to appear clad (partly) in warlike attire. Notice the lifelike representation of Marshal Goering on horseback in the right-hand picture below*

***The Importance of Being Gas-Masked** was demonstrated by Lady Bracknell and Mr. John Earnest Worthing at the Golders Green Hippodrome, whither the Wilde play from the Globe transferred. Even in the wings, Edith Evans and John Gielgud carried their little brown boxes containing the property of H.M.G., only discarding them on the stage itself*

with Compliments to the Navy—

—and Compliments to the Army

Miss Alethea Spicer and Mr. Joseph Baxendale

Joseph Baxendale and Alethea Spicer made their engagement public the day before their wedding on September 16th. He is the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Guy Baxendale, of Framfield Place, Uckfield, Sussex. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Dykes Spicer, Bt., and Lady Spicer, of 10, Stanhope Terrace, W.2, is twenty-one this year

Mr. C. J. Dallmeyer and the Hon. Ursula Balfour

Christopher James York Dallmeyer, of 7, Queen Street, Edinburgh, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. J. Dallmeyer, of Green Bank, Grundisburgh, Suffolk, and the Hon. Ursula Balfour, youngest daughter of the late Lord Kinross (who died in July), and Lady Kinross, of 17, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, were married at the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. Afterwards they were pulled through the streets in an open carriage by members of the bridegroom's regiment. The bride has been on the variety stage

The Marquess and Marchioness of Townshend

Lord Townshend and Elizabeth Luby, only daughter of Thomas Luby, I.C.S., Judicial Commissioner, and Mrs. Luby, were married on September 2nd at St. Paul's, Onslow Square. He was born in 1916, succeeded his father, when he was five, as seventh Marquess, was making a career as an actor before the war. Now he is A.D.C. to General Sir Edmund Ironside. He owns Raynham Hall in Norfolk

Miss Helen Baring and Major Gordon Foster

Major Gordon Foster, of Leysthorpe, Oswaldkirk, Yorks., and Helen Baring were married quietly at St. Michael-le-Belfrey, York. She is the eldest daughter of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Everard Baring, and the late Lady Ulrica Baring, of Sleightholmdale Lodge, Kirbymoorside, and a cousin, through her mother, of the Earl of Feversham, who gave her away. Major Gordon Foster and Lord Feversham have been joint-Masters of the Sinnington since 1936

Five of the Still Numerous War Weddings

Captain Lord Amherst of Hackney and Miss Margaret Clifton Brown

Lord Amherst of Hackney and Margaret Elizabeth Clifton Brown announced their engagement on September 9th, were married five days later at St. Saviour's, Colegate, Sussex. He is twenty-seven, a regular (cavalry) soldier, succeeded his grandmother as third baron in 1919. He is the son of Captain the Hon. W. A. Cecil, who was killed in action in 1914, and Lady Amherst of Hackney. His places are Stowlangtoft Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, and Foulden Hall, Norfolk. His wife is the youngest daughter of Brigadier-General H. Clifton Brown, M.P. for the Newbury Division of Berkshire, and Mrs. Clifton Brown, of Holmbush, Faygate, Surrey, and 96, Eaton Square, S.W.1

The "Bystander" visits

Margaret Rawlings

This clever actress has moved house from the Adelphi to Westbourne Terrace

Margaret Rawlings the Prim Little Miss

She sits at her writing by a Hedley Briggs curtain, before her carriage-clock, her Eisendieck painting, her terra-cotta St. Anthony

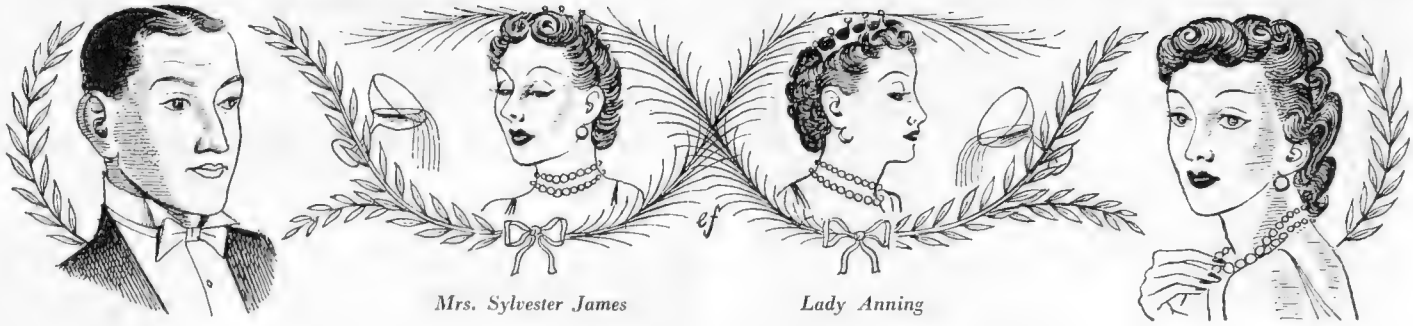
Margaret Rawlings the Open-Air Girl

Photographs by Lee Garmes

Margaret Rawlings, the latest pre-war Eliza Doolittle (in the Haymarket revival of *Pygmalion*—and doesn't it seem ages ago?), moved not long before the outbreak of war from her flat in the Adelphi because she didn't like the fog from the river and the lack of fresh air. Now she has a top flat plus roof garden in Westbourne Terrace which suits her better. Here she has gone neo-Victorian with the help of a pair of bedroom curtains taken from Hedley Briggs *Parnell* decor (she was Kate O'Shea in that), and here the *Bystander* penetrated to take pictures. Margaret Rawlings' war work: auxiliary ambulance driving

Margaret Rawlings the Glamour Girl

She poses on an Empire bed with Achtung, otherwise Tunka, the dachshund, and Enobarbus, the toy leopard. The dolphins on the bed also have names — but not for publication



Mr. Cribbage *Mrs. Sylvester James* *Lady Anning* *Mrs. Jack Chrichton*

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 4. "St. Valentine's Day"

Puissant lady! Call a halt, and
Remove your mousy head from sand.
Us should linger here no longer
Deviating like the conger.
Enterprise and courage gather,
Not mere words, or shortly, blather.
Come then, for time's forelock 's lonely;
Enfilade it with yours only.

WHEN Mrs. Jack Chrichton found this rough verse deposited in a beribboned envelope on her breakfast-tray she had no difficulty in guessing the authorship. The word "mousy" was quite sufficient to denote Mr. Cribbage, who had entered the lists several times against her upon the question of the exact colour of her hair. She had not known it was St. Valentine's Day, but she reflected that it was just the sort of knowledge Mr. Cribbage would keep tucked away. She read the verse again, and was giving its meaning her serious attention when her maid knocked on the door.

"Well?"

"Please, Madam, Browne asked me to tell you that a gentleman out on the pavement with a bag of stones——"

"With a bag of what?"

"Stones, Madam. He has been trying for a quarter of an hour to hit this window—at least, so Browne thinks; but as he has already broken a pane in the dining-room and hit the large soup-toureen in the kitchen—the window there was already open—Browne wants to know whether he should interrupt him or let him do his worst." Mrs. Chrichton sprang out of bed.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Browne says it 's Mr. Cribbage, Madam."

Mrs. Chrichton went quickly over to the window and, throwing it open, received a small pebble neatly on the arm. No sooner did she appear than Mr. Cribbage, for it was he, put down the red shoe-bag which he was carrying and, throwing out his hands, addressed her:

"Who said my love was a laggard? Look, she greets me from her window, her tousled head just risen from the arms of Morpheus."

"Who 's 'e?" asked an interested errand-boy, who, already half an hour late with the first delivery, was sticking to his principle of only dealing in round figures. Mr. Cribbage stopped addressing his lady, and turned his attention to the errand-boy, two dogs, three cats, a dustman, and what looked like a rag-and-bone man, but was probably one of the directors of the Bank of England.

"Morpheus," he said, "is the son of Sleep."

"What 's she want to marry a man with a name like that for?"

Mr. Cribbage regarded the urchin benignly. "I have frequently asked myself the same question," he said. "Only his name is Jack," he added.

Mrs. Jack Chrichton beckoned to him imperiously.

"Come in at once!" she ordered.

"Gladly," answered Mr. Cribbage, and turning to his mixed audience, told them to take heed. "When you want to get into a house, throw stones at it," he said. "How to get out of one will form the subject of my next lecture, which will take place on this spot in about ten minutes' time." The front door having been opened for him by Browne, he passed within.

"If you will wait in the drawing-room, Mrs. Chrichton will be with you in a minute, Sir." Browne turned to go, but Mr. Cribbage detained him a moment.

"Tell me, did I break the soup-toureen?"

"Completely, Sir."

Mr. Cribbage sighed.

"That 's most satisfactory," he said. "I don't want Mrs. Chrichton to have the smallest excuse for giving me soup."

"The toureen was only by way of ornament, Sir; the cook keeps her hairpins in it."

The terrible significance of this answer struck Mr. Cribbage almost at once.

(Concluded on page 482)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

"Coming, Sir!"

By V. S. Pritchett

I AM sure the best waiters are half-priest and half-rogue. This opinion was suggested to me by reading a witty, festive and picturesque book, *Life Class*, by Ludwig Bemelmans (The Bodley Head; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Ludwig Bemelmans is an American illustrator; but he was a waiter for years before that. Born in pre-war Bavaria, in one of those guzzling and gossiping little Duchies which were the only civilised Germany there has ever been, he was given a choice of going to a reformatory or learning the hotel business. On one side his family were small brewers. There was grandfather who could drink thirty-six big stone mugs of beer at a sitting and who lived on a diet of meat, dumplings, and potatoes. After this his passions were canaries and making paper hats, some with blue cockades and some with red. He handed these to the boys of the town gratis, so that they could form rival armies and fight. But everything has to be paid for; grandfather's diet gave him gout two or three times a year. It was historic in the town. If anyone came near the bandaged foot he would "chase them off with his stick, crying, 'Ah! Ah! Ah!' in an ecstasy of pain, and widening his eyes as if he saw something very beautiful far away."

The other members of the family were equally peculiar and practical. For example, even feckless Uncle Veri, though given to gambling—he once bet an official he would make a million dots with a pencil in eight hours and had half the staff of the brewery counting them as he did them—and though abnormally philoprogenitive, was an efficient chucker-out and a master at barrel-lifting. In all, young Ludwig was surrounded by a vigorous and eccentric crop of elders. They prepared him for the grotesques he was to deal with when he became a waiter in New York.

The head waiter is the terror of all other waiters. They are a mixture of megalomania and fuss, portentous Irvings frenzied with anxiety about the tip. Ludwig Bemelmans has some excellent head waiters. There was a Frenchman who, when asked by a customer what cut of meat was used for *ossi bughi* would raise his leg and trace the cut on it. His masterpiece was illustrating breast of guinea hen. There is also a story about explaining *escalope de veau* to a steel magnate's wife—but I 've heard that one before. Ludwig Bemelmans' gifts are brilliant visual simile and an eye for the rascality of his one-time trade. Here, for all time, is the manager of the super hotel: "It produces in most cases a type whose face is like a towel on which everyone has wiped his hands."

"HOTEL IN FLIGHT," by Nancy Johnstone (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*), continues the story of that notorious piece of Fleet Street in Spain, the Johnstone Hotel at Tossa. It is a lively story. The Spanish war found the Johnstones learning the difference between PSUC and POUM, ticking off Commissars, rescuing friends from prison and generally dealing with the ideological madhouse which accumulated there for its rest cures after the Barcelona air raids. There are some people whose torpid characters wake up in war. One was Nikolaus. His case may be helpful:

He would buy through some intricate process of his own, five litres of oil. This would be exchanged for 20 kilos of chick peas. He would then promise 21 kilos of chick peas to someone in exchange for a week's board and lodging. Three of the 20 kilos would be exchanged for 2 kilos of flour. Then, with a heavy sigh, he would walk steadily up to Bananova to the very top, where there was a woman who would give him four kilos of chick peas for 2 kilos of flour.

Mrs. Johnstone appears to be a brisk, downright personality. Her light is under no bushel and she has a caustic tongue. It is a relief to meet a good draught of domestic irony about the Spanish war.

"THE GRAPES OF WRATH," by John Steinbeck (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is an impressive American tract written in that infuriating March of Time prose which cuts up so easily into verse; magnificent in its way but without the variety of the great novels of indignation. Here you see a family of poor whites driven off their land by the mortgage banks and joining hundreds of other families, taking the road for California, the Promised Land. The best and typical literature of America is the underdog stuff and this is an admirable underdog story. From the banks to the second-hand car dealers everyone is out to dish these people, but with the heroism of the ignorant they pile fourteen up on their groaning truck and set out. Al, who knows about cars, drives. Ma serves out the salt pork. Grandad, one of those wicked old he-goats who are always springing up in American novels, dies on the road. The holy roller preacher buries him. Rose of Sharon, the pregnant daughter, chatters obliviously to her husband all day about the electric iron they will have when they get to the land where you sit under the trees and eat grapes all day long. The most remarkable character is Ma, calm and slaving, always yielding place to the men and yet welding all together. She is like one of the great tribal women of the Old Testament. Mr. Steinbeck comes close to the skin of these people. He knows their vivid vernacular. He exalts their simplicity of heart, their innocence, their grandeur, and their pathos. This is epic Exodus with the splutter of an old engine and the cackling talk of the cotton field replacing the poetic wailing of the Jews. The night of the family's departure when they kill and salt the pigs, pile up the junk, make Grandad drunk so that he won't collapse from heart-break, and gather like a tribe on the running-board of the truck to take counsel, seems to me, despite the machine-gun style, one of the considerable scenes in the English-speaking literature of pathos and indignation. And a character like old Muley, haunting the empty homesteads, is unforgettable.

I think the generalised incantations about all the other families on this defrauded trek, and the undertone of uplift, are mistakes. Among other things, they make the book monotonous. But better the human hope of the Americans than the concrete Utopias of the Russian epics; and there is certainly no living English novelist who could begin to grasp a theme like this, tract or no tract.

Books for the Red Cross

While money flows in to the Lord Mayor's Appeal Fund for the Red Cross and the Order of St. John, reading matter piles up at the Red Cross library department in Prince's Gate. Here books and magazines are sorted for distribution to hospitals and camps. An immense amount of these are wanted, especially of the lighter kind

Clothes for the Country

Tweeds Go on Duty

Scott Bushe

ALMOST overnight, fashion has adapted itself to wartime life. Tailors are busy with uniforms for the Women's Services, and, on the home front, with well-cut tweeds designed for really hard wear. Fortnum and Mason, of Piccadilly, see no reason why clothes should be dull just because they are practical. Their tailored top-coat, shown above, is checked in vine-green and rosy-red—alcoholic but very cheerful colours. It can, of course, be copied in other shades, and, if you prefer it, in a three-quarter length. The suit beneath it, shown in detail on the right, picks up the green of the check. Three rows of buttons give it a military air, and the beret to match looks like a particularly charming service cap. Incidentally, Fortnum's have an extensive collection of well-fitting shoes to wear with the various women's uniforms, so visit them before you get into marching order

Golfing Notes

The Professionals in 1939

By Air Shot

THE Harry Vardon Trophy, which is intended to go to the best professional golfer of the year, was won this year by R. A. Whitcombe, of the Parkstone G.C.

It is a very difficult matter to decide who is the best professional golfer of any particular year. This year scores in the following tournaments counted: The *Daily Mail* tournament, which was played at Queen's Park, Bournemouth; the "Silver King" tournament, which was played at Moor Park; the Open Championship, which was played at St. Andrews; the Irish Open Championship, played on the delightful course at Newcastle, County Down, where the Mountains of Mourne come down to the sea; and the *News Chronicle* tournament, played on the course of the East Brighton G.C.

Competitors also had to take part in all the four rounds of the Open Championship; this reasonable condition eliminated Alfred Padgham, who forgot to send in his entry for the most important golfing event of the year.

ALL these events with the exception of the Irish Open Championship were won by men who have represented Great Britain in Ryder Cup matches against the United States. The exception was Arthur Lees of the Dore and Totley G.C., near Sheffield, who won the Open Championship of Ireland with a score of 287, made up of rounds of 69, 72, 74 and 72, the best aggregate returned in this championship, when played on the course of the Royal County Down G.C., since the last war with Germany and Co.

Lees is a thoroughly sound golfer, he is short and broad and possesses a very compact swing; he looks as if he could go on hitting good shots without any physical effort for hours, and makes, like all good golfers, the playing of the game appear ridiculously easy. He had done well and even led in important tournaments before this championship, but had never previously quite lasted the course.

THE method of trying to find the best professional golfer of 1939 was new, and varied considerably from the previous methods. This year points were awarded for positions obtained in each tournament as follows: The winner scored one point, the second scored two points, and so on up to the player placed twenty-fifth on the list. All those higher than twenty-fifth on the list scored 26 points, and those who did not qualify for the final stages of the tournament and those who did not enter for a tournament had 26 points marked against their names.

It is interesting to note that Whitcombe, like Cotton last year, did not win a single one of the tournaments for which marks were given.

This year, professionals who did not enter for all the qualifying tournaments were at a distinct disadvantage as they were given the maximum number of 26 points. Last year it was on occasions to a man's advantage to miss a tournament and it is very doubtful if Cotton would have been the winner if he had played in the *News Chronicle* tournament at East Brighton. Very unfavourable weather conditions were experienced in this tournament and Cotton, who was abroad, although he was not leading when the tournament started, found himself at the top of the list for the Harry Vardon Trophy when this tournament had been played, owing to the fact that his nearest rivals had all increased their average scores. Although not quite perfect I must say that the method of awarding points in 1939 was preferable to the previous methods and certainly fairer.

WHAT a very great golfer R. A. Whitcombe is! With a shade of luck he might have won the Open Championship in 1937, 1938 and 1939. At Carnoustie in 1937 he was second, two shots behind Cotton, who on the last day played in vile weather, but not so vile as the weather Whitcombe had to compete with. He won in 1938, and this year was only one shot per round worse than the winner, R. Burton, and certainly played more steadily than any other competitor. He had a disappointing Open Championship at St. Andrews, where on numerous occasions he had decided opportunities of knocking three shots into two, but let these chances slip.

His record for the year in the tournaments for which points were awarded for the Harry Vardon Trophy was as follows: In the Open Championship he was third, four strokes behind the winner; in the *Daily Mail* tournament he was seventh, eight strokes behind the winner; in the "Silver King" tournament he was sixth, three strokes behind the winner; in the Open Championship of Ireland he was second, two strokes behind the winner; and in the *News Chronicle* tournament he was ninth, ten strokes behind the winner. His average score for the year was 73·00, and he scored 27 points.

SAM KING was second to Whitcombe with 49 points, which included 26 points for the Open Championship of Ireland, in which he did not play; his average was just better than Whitcombe's and was 72·87 for the sixteen rounds he played. He would have had to have done only a reasonable score in the Open Championship of Ireland to have been returned the winner of the Harry Vardon Trophy.

Padgham was the only man to win two of the qualifying tournaments, but he was not eligible for the trophy as he did not play in the Open Championship. He won the "Silver King" tournament, after a tie with R. Burton, and the *News Chronicle* tournament by five shots from Percy Alliss.

R. BURTON, besides tying with Padgham in the "Silver King" tournament and winning the Open Championship, won the foursome tournament promoted by the manufacturers of "True Temper" shafts with that great golfer, Fred Robson, as his partner.

The standard of play was decidedly good except in the Open Championship at St. Andrews, where the number of stupid, as well as bad, shots was, to say the least, excessive.

Reg Whitcombe

The winning of the Harry Vardon Trophy, 1939, by the Parkstone professional is here discussed by our golf correspondent. Whitcombe's average score for the year was 73·00

Social Golf at North Berwick Continues

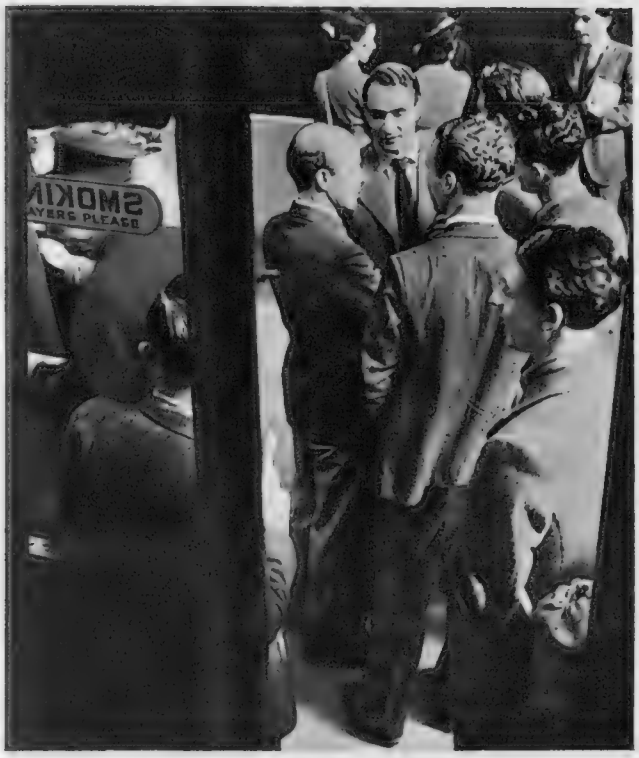
Sir George Colvin saw the last war as transportation officer, is seeing this (so far) on the links of North Berwick. He is with Miss Margaret Moncreiff, daughter of Lord Moncreiff, Scottish Judge

Another soldier at North Berwick was Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Pulteney, Black Rod, who here drives cleanly down the fairway. He commanded the 3rd Army Corps, B.E.F., in the last war

The Vic-Wells Ballet Goes on Tour

Harold Turner, on the left of the platform group of men, has been released from ambulance work to go with the company. Also going are Richard Ellis (back to camera), Allan Carter (in foreground), Michael Soames (at back). Not going are John Nicholson (facing camera), who has not been released from A.R.P. work, and Frank Staff, who has joined the Navy, but is not yet called up

June Brae and Julia Farron left with the rest of the company from Paddington for Cardiff, where they were appearing last week. Next week they go to the Opera House, Leicester, their first appearance in that town



Some Will Dance, Some Have Joined Up

June Brae and Julia Farron

Ballerina and "Orchestra"

Margot Fonteyn was standing between Constant Lambert and Hilda Gaunt, who are providing music for the ballets on two pianos, instead of the usual orchestra of fifty players. Constant Lambert is the company's musical director. Hilda Gaunt is the regular accompanist who plays for all rehearsals and classes. Full scenery and costumes have been taken for the seven-ballet repertoire (see frontispiece). The company is working on a co-operative basis, with a guaranteed minimum salary and a proportional share of profits

Robert Helpmann at Paddington

Besides touring with the ballet, Helpmann is going to act with the Old Vic company later this season; one of his parts will be the Dauphin in "Saint Joan." Behind the carriage door are Frederick Ashton (whose ballet for the Massine Company, "Le Diable S'Amuse," should have had its premiere at Covent Garden two weeks ago) and his sister. Later it is hoped the ballet company will return to Sadler's Wells, which has a good air-raid shelter

First-aid practices *keep members busy durin of slings and bandages, anyway, must be polished u Miss Sheila Reade, Miss Eileen Paulet, Mrs. D Miss J. Taylor, and Miss E. Woodroffe. The like impression, somewhat cramped, with large pipe chairs, oilskin gas-suits, and members in slacks*

The ambulance *is kept in day-and-night readiness for raid casualties with aired and folded rugs on the stretchers. The party on duty above are J. Foley, one of the comparatively few men in the pictures, Miss N. Oakley, Miss Hildebrand Green, Mrs. M. M. Loveridge*

The uniform *of this organisation consists of a tin hat and a gas-mask (and gas-proof suits if necessary). The driver on the left is Miss Eileen Paulet, receiving instructions from J. J. Kavanagh*

Women in Uniform

The Savoy Adelphi Auxiliary Ambulance Drivers

Private cars *are part of the rescue-party transport system. First-aid parties are rushed to the casualty areas in these to attend to the injured and get them ready for removal in the ambulance as soon as it arrives. Beside the stretcher-party car here are Miss Margery Livesey, Mrs. C. E. Fiske, Rescue-party Commandant, and Miss Cavell Holland*

Rescue-party *members, drivers included, are all first-aid trained. These three are Miss Meriel Reeve, Miss Anne Tod, Miss Eileen Ward. Women are paid £2 a week, men £3, and work for the appropriate County Councils; in the case of the Savoy Adelphi post, which is at the Savoy Garage, for the Westminster and London C.C.s*

ir eight-hour duty shifts. The technique company. This group of slingers were are, Mrs. D. Everett, Miss H. Bright, arters at the Savoy Garage give a ship- ining overhead, and everywhere deck- man-like belts and rubber shoes

The casualty station *of this Auxiliary Ambulance post is staffed by members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. They, too, hold practices, with a couple of volunteer "casualties." The frilled caps and striped dresses of Lady Officers, plain dresses and head handkerchiefs of ordinary members appeared in our St. John Ambulance pictures some weeks ago (Women in Uniform: August 30th). Here they are worn by Mrs. L. A. Walton, Commandant; Mrs. N. F. Waters and Miss O. Livingstone, both Lady Superintendents; Mrs. Ronald Quilter, Lady Ambulance Officer; and Miss Rose Fox and Miss Valerie Worke*

Going off duty *was Mrs. Michael Stratton, taking with her her gas-mask, gas-proof suit, gum-boots in a net carrier. The eight-hour shifts run from 7.30 to 3.30, 3.30 to 11.30, and 11.30 to 3.30. Some members do twelve hours on and twelve hours off, and a few spend twenty-four hours at the post and twenty-four hours at home*

Commandant *of the Ambulance Drivers is Miss Ann Hann, and one of her drivers is Lord Aberdare. They held a short conference together on a convenient discarded cistern, their feet amongst rubble and old newspapers—remains of the conversion of part of the garage into an A.R.P. post. Auxiliary Ambulance drivers live at home when off duty, if their homes are reasonably near, otherwise they find accommodation at a convenient distance from their post*

Young — de Vere Ponsonby

Henry Lawrence Savill Young and Noreen de Vere Ponsonby were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the only son of the late Major G. E. S. Young, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Young, of Kingstone Court, Kingstone, Kent. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Ponsonby, of Kilcooley Abbey, Thurles, Ireland

Sq.-Leader Colin Cadell, son of Colonel and Mrs. J. M. Cadell, of Foxhall, Kirkliston, Linlithgowshire, and Rosemary Pooley, daughter of the late Major and Mrs. T. E. Pooley, and niece of the Hon. Lady (Victor) Stanley, of 77, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Cadell — Pooley

Lambert — Quinn

A quiet war wedding at St. Norbert's, Spalding, was between George Lambert, son of the Rt. Hon. George Lambert, M.P., and Mrs. Lambert, of Spreyton Bow, Devon, and Patricia Mary Quinn, daughter of J. P. Quinn, of 20, Belsize Grove, N.W.3, and the late Mrs. Quinn

Archibald David Manisty Ross, H.M. Diplomatic Service, who had returned from the Berlin Embassy with the Ambassador, married Mary Melville Macfadyen at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, on September 16th. He is the son of the late J. H. Ross and Mrs. Ross, of Boar's Hill, Oxford; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melville Macfadyen, of Beach Hill, Campbeltown, Argyllshire

Ross — Macfadyen

Fawcett — Henderson

Robert Fawcett, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Fawcett, of Hatton, Sevenoaks, Kent, and Esmé Boileau Henderson, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel N. Q. B. Henderson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Henderson, of Lyncroft, Otford, Kent, were married at Otford Parish Church

Ronaldson — Webster

Patrick Ronaldson and Elspeth Webster were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. He is the son of T. Martine Ronaldson, the Scottish portrait painter, and Mrs. Ronaldson, of 28, Aubrey Walk, W.8. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Webster, of 15, Ilchester Place, W.14

Karslake — Howard

Ian R. G. Karslake, only son of the late Captain W. R. Karslake, and Mrs. Karslake, of Brook House, Stanford-Dingley, Berks., and Pamela Howard, second daughter of Major Henry Howard, of 4, Argyll Road, Kensington, and Mrs. M. Howard, of Little Tangley, Wonersh, were married at Marylebone Town Hall

Catherine Bell

Patricia Allan

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Allan, of Dilgusha, Baroda, India, and 41, North Castle Street, Edinburgh. She is engaged to Hugh E. G. Wells, son of the late R. H. Wells, and Mrs. T. Priest, of Harewood, Great Missenden, Bucks.

Catherine Bell

Elisabeth Hester Crichton

Announced her engagement to Francis A. Lepper, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, son of the late A. W. Lepper and Mrs. Lepper, of Redgrove, Hester's Way, Cheltenham. She is the daughter of the late Captain R. L. Crichton, R.N., and Mrs. Crichton, of Trystings, Claygate, Surrey

Bassano

Daphne King Farlow

Announced her engagement three weeks ago to Paymaster-Lieut. Robin Bousfield, R.N., son of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Bousfield, of 10, Albion Street, W.2. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley King Farlow, of 10, Chartfield Avenue, Putney Hill, S.W.

Felicity Lilian Lomax Orton

Is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. D. C. Leyland Orton, of Fern Hill, Huyton, Lancs. She is engaged to David Leigh Hunt, Royal Artillery, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Fletcher Hunt, of Mossley Hill, Liverpool

Tunbridge

Sonia (Bunty) Tolkien

Announced her engagement last week to Lieut. J. N. Pawle, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pawle, of Abbots Farm, Widford, Ware, Herts. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Tolkien, of Burnt House, Bushey, Herts.

Catherine Bell

Rani Clulow-Gray

Is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Clulow-Gray, of 17, Kensington Mansions, S.W.5. She has announced her engagement to Geoffrey Dean Prockter, of Singapore, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Prockter, of 58, Woodcote Grove Road, Coulsden, Surrey

Phyllis Coward

Is the daughter of Sq.-Leader and Mrs. G. N. Coward, of Northwood, Middlesex. She is engaged to Lieut. Allan S. Downes, R.N.A.S., son of the late A. J. Downes and Mrs. Downes, of Canford, Lee-on-Solent, Hampshire

Bassano

Joan Matthews Duncan

Is engaged to Lieut. Donald Terry McBarnet, R.N., son of D. M. McBarnet, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and the late Mrs. McBarnet. She is the daughter of the Rev. J. F. Matthews Duncan, of Stockbridge House, Chichester, and the late Mrs. Matthews Duncan

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gunther

William John Gunther and Anne Reed had a put-forward wedding at St. Lawrence's, Hawkhurst, Kent, on September 14th. He is the son of the late C. E. Gunther and Mrs. Gunther, of Tongswood, Hawkhurst; she is the daughter of the late Major-General H. L. Reed, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. F. M. Hannay, of 51, Westminster Gardens, S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. John Powell

Geraldine Ysolda Maylan, daughter of Sir John and Lady Maylan, of Byeways, Haywards Heath, Sussex, and John F. Powell were married at St. Wilfred's, Haywards Heath. He is the son of the Rev. Morgan and Mrs. Powell, of Limpley Stoke, Bath

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Peter Haggie

Henriette Clifford married Peter Sinclair Haggie, son of the late O. S. Haggie, of Co. Durham, and the late Mrs. G. Knight, of Wood Stanway, Glos. She is the daughter of the late Major H. F. Clifford, of Frampton Court, Glos., and Mrs. J. A. T. Miller

National Air Communications

By Charles Ward

London, September 21st.

ANOTHER name for civil aviation in wartime is National Air Communications, which means what it says—no more and no less. Its principal work is to maintain essential overseas services and to supply the Government with civil air transport. Empire mails are being despatched and brought home; there are also 'planes to the Continent. West of the controlled area, air lines are operating much the same as before the war started. North of the Border, Scottish Airways is flying daily, except on Sundays. The first wartime ambulance call was answered on September 13th, the patient being brought to Glasgow from one of the remote islands off the West Coast of Scotland in two hours, a journey which would have taken two or three days by boat and train. The pilot, Captain David Barclay, carried a crew of two and a nurse. Air France has applied for permission to operate a service to Paris, for which there must be plenty of potential business passengers. Trade with our Allies and with neutral countries is essential, and personal contact is more important to-day than it was a month ago. Commercial aircraft will have to face some of the risks of war, but this is no reason why services should be abandoned, provided that the companies and their pilots are willing to take a chance. Fares will rise and schedules will be liable to interruption, but trade and travel by air must go on. One advantage that flying possesses over all other forms of transport can be exploited to the maximum—the pilot, on receipt of a radio call, can change his direction through 360 degrees in a few seconds.

THE Transatlantic air route has been well patronised during the past few weeks.

Neutral Lindbergh

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh spoke into a nest of microphones at Washington to warn his fellow democrats that if they fought for democracy abroad they "may end by losing it at home," as well as losing "several million" men. Lindbergh went back to the U.S.A. in the spring, was called up as a reserve officer of the U.S. Air Corps in April

On the day war was declared the "American Clipper" left New York for Europe with twenty-five passengers, including two Canadians, one of whom came over by the quickest route in order to join up. Return flight passengers have been mostly Americans—Mrs. M. V. Woolley-Hart, Miss Maureen O'Sullivan, the film-star; Mr. Dwight Davis, who presented the Davis Cup for lawn tennis competition as long ago as 1900; and Mr. Horace Dodge, of motor-car fame, are a few of those who have flown West. Imperial Airways' service is likely to be restricted during the winter months, as their flying-boats are needed for other routes. In any case, it was not intended to operate a full schedule until next spring. The Postmaster-General announces an air-mail stop at Malta, which had not previously been included in the British route to the East, as Malta lies some way off the direct line from England to Egypt. Many civil flights have been made non-stop to Malta in the past—by Charles Barnard in a "Puss Moth"; by Edgar Percival in a "Gull"; and by Cobham and Helmore in an Airspeed "Courier." The war may bring about that change in operating policy which has many supporters—namely, to separate mails and passengers, carrying the former in fast and relatively small aircraft. Imperial Airways' nightmare, the "Christmas Mail," will present no problem this year. Rates are back to 1s. 3d., which is in itself a deterrent to heavy loads.

THE Civil Air Guard is under review by the Air Ministry and members have been invited to attend selection boards with a view to placing them in those categories for which they are most suited. As civil training has been suspended temporarily, the 5000 who were suitable for the R.A.F. will be absorbed into Service schools during the next few months. Air Defence Cadet squadrons have responded to the "Carry on" call made by the Air League on the eve of the war. In addition to co-operating with R.A.F. squadrons to which they are affiliated, and assisting in A.R.P. work, the cadets are managing, on the whole, to continue with much of their normal training. Vacancies caused by those joining the R.A.F. have been made up by new recruits. Every effort is being made to overcome difficulties, such as shortage of equipment, which have been aggravated

(*Concluded on page 482*)

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NOW that our petrol is subject to really stringent rationing—as was, I think, inevitable—a few tips on measures which can readily be taken by all private motorists to conserve their fuel may be apposite.

In the first place, remember that however large and luxurious your car, there is no longer any shame attaching to a demand of "Two gallons, please." So do not "cash-in" all your coupons at once unless a lengthy journey has to be undertaken. It is better to put in two gallons at a time and to let the garage endure such evaporation as must take place over a period.

For the rest, petrol economy can be effected in two ways—(1) by careful modification of your car; and (2) by more thoughtful driving.

Under the first of these heads come a number of adjustments. It will, I think, prove ultimately economical to invest now in a set of new sparking-plugs. Old plugs on which the central electrode is pitted and worn are notoriously wasteful, as a proper spark is not obtained and therefore the full value of each charge of vapour in the cylinders is not enjoyed. At the same time, it will be well to give your distributor the "once-over" to ensure that it is giving 100 per cent. output.

Next, deal with the carburettor. Thoroughly clean it and fit a smaller jet than that which you have been accustomed to use. A little trial and error will soon show you the smallest size of jet upon which it is possible to start and run your engine. The removal of the air-strainer, where one is fitted, should help you in these experiments and, indeed, I recommend you to keep the air-strainer off so long as petrol remains under restriction.

Having carried out these measures, turn next to lubrication. If the oil in your car is old and black, drain the sump and replenish with new lubricant which will have a higher viscosity value and so will do its work more efficiently. The gear-box and back axle, too, should be examined and old oil replaced with new.

As restricted mileage under rationed fuel conditions will make it more difficult for you to keep your batteries charged up—and this applies especially in cases where extra heavy demand is made upon them by the increased use of a car radio—it will be as well to top-up the batteries at regular intervals and to use the starter as little as possible.

Remove all wheels and thoroughly grease the splines of the hubs and pump up all tyres to a pressure slightly in excess of normal in order to reduce "drag" to a minimum.

The only other ordinary measure for you to adopt is to eliminate every pound of unnecessary weight. Thus bulky or heavy tools or extra equipment where not needed should be removed and lamps not in use under the prevailing conditions should also be removed and the wire-ends sealed up with insulation-tape and lashed firmly to the lamp bracket.

GREAT economy can be effected by carefully adjusting your driving methods to present requirements. When starting up from cold, use the choke as little as possible and let the engine warm up only until the thermometer needle first moves off the zero mark. Not to warm up at all is wasteful, and obviously it is even more wasteful to warm up too long. This happy medium should just about fill the bill—assuming that a thermometer is fitted to your car.

Be delicate in your use of the throttle-pedal. Accelerate gently and ease your foot up off the lever slowly. Use the indirect gears as little as possible—especially when the engine is thoroughly warm—and really concentrate on what you are doing.

Use every artifice to save fuel. Coast down hills and avail yourself of a following wind by coasting whenever you can for short spurts on the level.

For all practical purposes a maximum speed of 35-45 m.p.h. should suffice.

Do not stop unnecessarily, and when you *must* pull up, *coast* to a standstill with the engine shut off.

If you can do so, I advise you to fit one of those excellent extra-air gadgets, operated by a lever on the dash connected by Bowden cable to a device on the carburettor. These really do give astonishing economy once the engine is warm and turning over at any sort of speed, but remember, if you have already cut down the size of your jets to an appreciable extent, this device may be unnecessary.

Finally, never lose sight of the fact that if you run out of petrol on the road you are well and truly "sunk"; for the garages may not supply fuel even on a ration-coupon unless they are in a position to check up the number shown on the front of the ration-book with the registration number of the car into whose tank it is to go.

So do not undertake any journey unless you *know* you have enough petrol to see you through. And if you should be unlucky enough to have your tank spring a leak, remember that a plug of ordinary soap or of chewing-gum is an excellent expedient.

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The Wedding of the Jackal

(Continued from page 471)

"Then you must get it repaired immediately!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see, man, she might elect to keep them in the lobster salad or anywhere? We are all servants of routine these days; disturb the routine, and the most fantastic things are liable to happen. She might choose a pair of your socks, you know."

"I'll attend to the matter at once, Sir."

Mr. Cribbage had hardly read a quarter of the article in the morning paper devoted to "Are Women Men-Minded?" when Mrs. Jack Chrichton, in a becoming blue peignoir, joined him.

"I have read your effusion," she said coldly.

"And I have broken your soup-toureen, so we are quits."

"You have also smashed the dining-room window," she reminded him.

"Well, there's never enough air in the room, anyway," Mr. Cribbage assured her.

Mrs. Jack Chrichton drew the Valentine from her bosom and Mr. Cribbage smiled.

"I see you have the proper idea about how these messages should be cherished," he said.

"I preferred to put it there, rather than to hold it in my mouth when I slipped my peignoir on," she answered him distantly. "If I understood the somewhat rough verse properly, you want to run away with me?"

"That's hardly what is written; however, it will do."

"Of course, you realise that I am a married woman?"

"Of course. That's why I asked you. You don't suppose that I'd have sent an invitation like that to an unmarried one? She might have taken me at my word."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton sat down and lit a cigarette.

"Did anything strike you as odd about the house this morning?" she asked.

"The soup-toureen did, but I can't think of anything else."

"What about Jack?"

"Is your husband odd about the house as well as being uneven everywhere else?"

Mrs. Jack Chrichton frowned and turned away.

"He isn't about the house," she said. "He has departed."

Mr. Cribbage leaned forward. "Departed? Where for?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Do you mean he's left you?"

She nodded.

"But this is most frightfully serious," he said, jumping to his feet. "I must get him back again."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton rose as well.

"I don't want him back," she said.

"Never mind what you want," Mr. Cribbage answered severely. "The selfishness of women is beyond understanding. I want him back."

"What for?"

"What are husbands for except to try and protect women like you from men like me?"

"I don't need any protection. I am quite happy——"

"I put it the wrong way round," Mr. Cribbage broke in. "Jack was there to protect men like me from women like you." He went towards the door with a rush. "Don't you dare follow me! I'm going to get Jack and bring him home."

"I'm expecting you to dinner," she said sweetly.

"There'll be three of us," Mr. Cribbage answered.

"If you bring Jack home I'll give you soup—lots of it."

"You wouldn't! You don't dislike him as much as all that."

"I'm afraid I do."

Mr. Cribbage sank wearily into the nearest chair. "Have it your own way, Prudence I simply can't face soup," he said.

"And I won't face Jack."

The lecture on how to get out of a house was postponed so long that only the three cats waited and they weren't interested; they'd known the answer since they were kittens.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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National Air Communications

(Continued from page 480)

by war conditions, to ensure that the training of the cadets will fit them for the greater part they will play for the duration. Commanding officers are pointing out the need for steel helmets and Service respirators for issue to those engaged in voluntary A.R.P. duties. The question of payment and rations for the many cadets now giving up their whole time to National Service is also being raised by local units.

AUSTRALIA has offered an Air Expeditionary Force of 550 officers and men, to be despatched before the end of the year to whatever front needs reinforcement. Like Canada, the capacity to recruit and train air personnel in Australia is far greater at the moment than that required to man aircraft that could be built in the country. News of air actions during the past week has been limited to that of successful anti-submarine patrols around our coasts, rescue work at sea, an occasional scrap on the Western Front, and a monotonous record of bombing and machine-gunning by Nazi forces over Poland. The air defences of Great Britain are directed by Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, known throughout the Service by a kindly misnomer, "Stuffy." Having served in "Stuffy's" 9th Wing in France during the previous war, I can testify to the fact that it is a misnomer. Quiet, short in comment, slightly sarcastic perhaps, but to those who do their job well he is the ideal chief. He has had experience not only as a commander of fighting squadrons, but was in charge of research and development at the Air Ministry during those years preceding Expansion, when many new ideas were put to the practical test.

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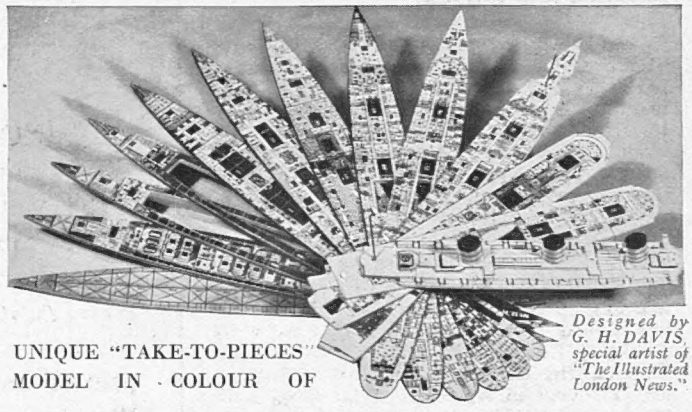

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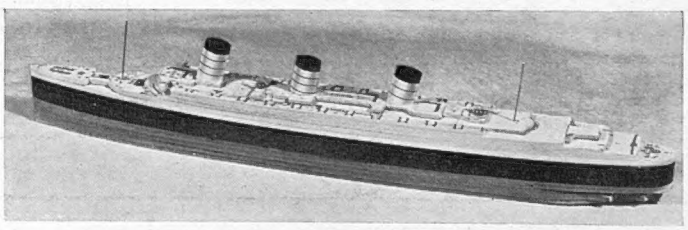

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